

GAME SHOW CLEO

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Summary: Cleo is in the game of her life. Will she make it out of the Dead seat in time.

GAME SHOW CLEO

Game Show Cleo **_**DISCLAIMER: ****This is Fan Fiction written in the Cleopatra 2525 World. Based on Cleopatra 2525 characters. Made for fun and enjoyment. All Chracters belong to Ren PICs an USA Studios.

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> Typical day in the lab for Hel, Cleo, and Sarge, when Voice spoke up about a situation taking place in the largest part of the underground. Seems like there is trouble happening in the base 29 sector.

> Voice: Hel, are you listening?**

>
_ Hel: Yes Voice_

>
**Voice: We have a thermal reactor leak in base 29 sector. Your team needs to take action and lock the perimeter down.**

>
 Hel, looking at Sarge, _Mauser says: Seems like it is coming from the thermal generator on level 10. Highly unstable, and weight in diameter is 60 quads was is normally the length of the lab._

>
 _Sarge: Well it looks like we are going to dispose of some garbage today. _

>
 Cleo: Garbage as in AKA stinky waste that comes from your body. You Know I am so not into that. We had garbage men and waste control in my time. Let Voice send someone else. I am no Garbage pal Kid.

>
 Hel hands out the futuristic gas mask and says: _We have to. We are the closest to the level and if we don't you won't be taking a bath for months. _

>
 Sarge: Besides, we have reactor leaks all the time. It's not bad once you get use to the smell.
>
 Cleo was bummed and looking for a way out of it. Using their web launchers to head down to level ten, base 29 sector. As they arrive, the team starts gathering info on how much of the stuff is radioactive. Hel hands Cleo a vial almost in the shape of a needle with a small LCD for readouts.
>
 Hel: Cleo this is very simple. You place the conical end in the waste like this. Draw a sample from it, then Press 'Vital Analysis Reading.' It will show 1 to a million. The highest number will tell you that there is a lot of radiation coming from it, and it's highly deadly. She smiles and nods her head, then all three begin to take readings.
>
 Shocking as Hel an Sarge look at their reading.
> Sarge: Hel, that's way too high for even waste readings.

>
 Hel walks back over to Cleo and checks her readings.
> Cleo: What? I only get ten. That's not so bad.

> Hel: Cleo, that's over 10 million. The decimal separates the 0 for readout count it say's 1.10,000,000,000. You right, Sarge. That is way too high for a waste leak. Mauser, I am sending you readings on the waste count. Can you analyze this to see what kind of radiation we are dealing with?
>
 Cleo decides to go roaming around because she hears loud clapping and shouts from people. She sees through a large peep hole in the ground a game with people playing. And a very ugly game show host. He looked like a mutant with long tentacles as hair. Almost like a bug that was morphed with a human and a face. A monkey's face.

>
 _Hel: Where did Cleo go?
>
 Sarge: Don't know. I wasn't paying attention.
>
 Hel: Sarge, she still has a lot to learn. You need to watch more closely.
>
 Sarge: I am not my team member's keeper. Something like that Cleo says.
>
_ Hel is trying to find Cleo and calling her name:_ Cleo, Cleo.

>
 Cleo: Over here, guys. Shhhhhh! They are about to start the second round._
>
 _Hel and Sarge look at each other: Second Round?
>
 Sarge: Hel, do you see what I see?
>
 Cleo: What? Looks like a fun game, like the who wants to be a Millionaire. I was actually very good at that game.
>
 Hel: Yeah, Sarge I see it. Mauser, we have a problem. There's been a slight change in plans.
>
>
 Hel: Cleo, do you see that huge generator? Well, it is running on nuclear waste. Mutants need it to keep playing this game. Only this reactor is killing not only the life on this level but it has also melted through the synopsis cord leading to the tamale generator. Giving us this very highly and deadly leak. Voice, we might need a Lab team down here for a more intensive lock down. This could destroy the whole underground if we don't stop this game.

>
 Sarge: How are we going to get into the game?
>
_ Sarge looks at Hel, Hel looks at Cleo, Sarge looks at Cleo.

>
_ Cleo: Oh no, no, no, no, no. I played Millionaire watching TV or on the Internet. I can't play it for life or Death.
>
 _ Hel gets on one side of Cleo, Sarge on the other side. The lift her up an drag her down to the game.

>
 _Hel: Look relax, I am going to do something I have never done before. I am going to implant a Voice receptor in your ear for the time being. Voice will give you all the answers you need. While you're distracting them in the game, we are going to take out their mainframe and stop this leak.

>
_ **_Voice: Hel, is this the only way?_**

>
 _Hel: Yeah! Voice, I need to implant the receptor in Cleo's ear. We need to cause a diversion to take out the mainframe. _

>
 Voice: You know this will mean you will be working blind?

>
 _Hel: I know but it's the only way. _

>
 So Hel has Cleo take the Voice receptor out of her ear, then Hel takes the receptor and begins to place the receptor in Cleo's Ear. Hel: OK, now it will be a little different than what you are used to, but it will take time. **_Voice: Cleo, can you hear me?_**

>
 Cleo stumbles back to catch her balance. _Cleo: Yeah, just, does it have to feel like an inner ear infection when Voice talks?

>
 Hel: That is the receptor bionic replacer. It will feel like an infection for at least an hour. It will cause you to feel a little off balance. Don't worry, this won't take long.

>
 Cleo: Yeah, but the game isn't an hour. _

>
 They send Cleo to the front of the crowd when they start asking for more volunteers on the 'Who Wants to be Dead or Alive?' game. It goes a little something like this:

>
 _I am Your Host Cleatus Fleaman, and this is how you play 'Who Wants to be Dead or Alive?' You answer each question right you move up the line of staying alive for so many days or months or year or forever. For Example: Forever 10 years 5 years 2 years 1 year 10 months 5 months 5 weeks 1 day _

>
 Cleo pushes a Guard to get attention. And Cleatus Fleaman looks up and says: You! Yeah, in the pink outfit, blond hair. Cleo smile and points at herself then shakes her head no. They pull her out on the floor noticing she has gauntlets on. They take them off her, then strap her in the very old ton rotted leather seat.

>
 _Cleo: I am totally not into this.

>
 Voice: Just be calm. Answer the questions with the answers I give you.

Cleo (Under her breath): That's easy for you to say.

>

Game Show Cleo: Part Two

Voice: Cleo, don't worry. Hel will have the mainframe down in no time.

>
 _Cleo: Yeah, Hel will.

>
 Cleatus Fleaman looking at Cleo: What did you say?

>
 Cleo: Hell yeah I am ready to play. _

>
 Voice: Good Save.

>
 _Cleatus Fleaman: OK, this is the other little unimportant matter we have to tell you about. (Clearing His Esophagus) Now you have to answer a four choice question on which mutant dies, and before one other. It's your call you have what we call the final judgment. Also when in the hot seats we have what we call your lifeline. You Have: Audience (PEOPLE AND MUTANTS YELL) 50/40, which is Half-dead or mostly dead. And Of Course you have Last Rights. Cleatus Fleaman: I am Your Host Cleatus Fleaman. LET'S PLAY WHO

WANT'S TO BE DEAD OR ALIVE!

>
 Cleo: Here goes nothing. (She cracks her knuckles for one time to get ready to type away) _

>
 Meanwhile, Hel and Sarge are looking for the entrance to where the mainframe is. They notice a lot of people coming from some kind of odd doorway almost like their hologram doorway. Only this is different as it's a whole room hidden away like its part of the gaming area. Like stealth they sneak low and unnoticed. The room is unreal. They are broadcasting the show via through some kind of Internet source unlike the 20th century Internet.

>
 _Sarge: Unbelievable, Hel. The schematics are highly advanced for mutant territories.

>
 Hel: There hasn't been Trade swiping since 2515. Looks like more than just fun and games here.

>
 Sarge: Could they be making nuclear weaponry?

>
 Hel: Possibly by the way they are securing that locked shielded room. I am sure it's more than a facilitator for new game members.

> Sarge: Mutants taking over the underground. Now there's a scary thought.

> Hel: Shields up.

> Sarge: Meet ya on the other side.

>
 Jumping into action they begin taking out the mutants. Hel takes the ones securing the locked holodeck. Sarge takes the others at the mainframe, and hologram door. After all the commotion and flips with laser shots breezing past their heads every one of the mutants are taken out. Walking over to the console, Hel looks at it very curiously.

>
 _Sarge: It's this same one we saw when Jake was trying to import the other nebular weapons.

>
 Hel: No, it's not the same one. The other one was badly damaged. No, this one is running. But how and why? _

>
 Back to Cleo and the game. Cleo has just started to answer the questions to get in the dead seat. Here is the first question.

>
 Cleatus Fleaman: OK, first question. Who dies first? Tommy the GurnkTotor Manny the Fishman Danny the CatZebra Or Ronnie Fuzzle Put them in order.

>
 Music starts and Cleo starts Freaking. Voice decides to try and keep her calm.

>
 _Voice: Cleo, calm down. This will be simple. _

>
 _Cleo: So much for beating the clock on this one. Voice, what am I gonna do? _

>
 **Voice: Put them in the order that most says they are the earliest to the last. **

>
 Cleo: So, oh great, you have no idea either. Oh well, I really didn't need those lucky pink boots anyway.

>
>
 _Cleo: Yes, Yes, Yes, I got it right Woooh Hoooh. I'm bad.

—>
Voice: You should relax, Cleo. That isn't your last question. We have a lot more to do before you should get so cocky.

>
 _Cleo: Your right, Voice. But it just felt good that I got it right. _

>
 _Voice: Even if you know that you sent them to their death. _

—>
 Cleo: Well, let's be optimistic here. It wasn't like I had a choice. Did I?

>
 Cleo gets in the dead seat, and begins to talk to Cleatus Fleaman. Cleatus Fleaman looks at Cleo and realizes she is not a mutant in any way shape or form.

>
 _Cleatus Fleaman: So, Miss... what is your name? And tell us all about yourself. _

>
 _Cleo: My name is Cleopatra as in Cleopatra and Mark Anthony's Cleopatra. I live right here in the underground. But originally I am from Phoenix Arizona. Brought back to life a few months ago and so here I am. _

>
 _Cleatus Fleaman: Well, we have topside rehabilitated to Underground primitive right here on 'Who Wants to be Dead Or Alive?' Show. Are you ready for your first question? _

>
 Cleo: Hey, I am not primitive. So what if I am 523 years old. I still look pretty damn good.

>
 Cleatus Fleaman: Are you ready?

>
 _Cleo: Yeah, let's get it over with. _

>,br> Back in the hologram room filled with NUKES. Sarge and Hel are desperately trying to find the off switch and who invented the other parts of this old mainframe into making it work. Hel (pressing a button on her gauntlet and taking out a small disk. She inserts it into the disk drive): I am gonna upload it's data banks and let Mauser analyze the records. Then we will be able to find out who they are trading these nuclear weapons with and where they got them.

> Sarge: Hel, take a look at this.

> Hel: That's a Resistance symbol. Why would the resistance be trading nuclear weaponry for lower state of the art machinery?

> Sarge: Could it be to destroy the baileys? Hel: Not possible. Resistance doesn't need old run down machinery to make newer weapons.

> Sarge: But didn't Jerbo say something about the older technology. That it worked better than the new stuff.

> Hel: Yeah, which would make some sense. But the Resistance giving nukes away? I don't think so.

> Sarge: I think it's time to shut this baby down.

> Hel: Just a few more minutes. Sarge, take watch and make sure no one gets in or out of here. I am going to do a little surfing and change the password to that shielded room.

>
 Sarge turns and stands at the doorway watching to make sure. Hel tries locating the password for the hologram door. Meanwhile, back at the game Cleo has finished her fourth question. It has been smooth sailing so far. Til Now!

>
** _Cleatus Fleaman: In Area 6180 it states that mutants that have been crumbly active and have 3 out of 5, lethal action should be:

>
 A. Killed on the spot

>
 B. Taken to a rehabilitated center

>
 C. Mind Probe for new actions or

>
 D. Let go and see them on their 5 conviction_**

>
 Voice: Cleo Area 6180 is mostly above the law for mutants and they should be killed on site.

>
 _Cleo: OK, Mr. Fleaman, it's A. Killed on site. _

>
 _Cleatus Fleaman: Is A your Final Judgment?

>
 Cleo: Uhhhhh! _

>
 _Voice: Yes, it is. _

>
 _Cleo: Yes, I am very sure of it. A is my final Judgment.

>
 Cleatus Fleaman: It's A! You are correct. For your 2 year living sentence this is your next question..._

>
 Sarge sees more mutants coming to check out the status of why only one screen is shot for over 10 mins.

>
 _Sarge: Incoming. We need to get it down now.

>
 Hel: Just about done. Here. Take the disk. Hold it till we get back to Mauser. _

>
 Sarge grabs the tiny disk and puts it in her safe keeping belt. Hel finds the password and encodes it so no one can reenter the nuclear weaponry filled room. She can't find the shut off mechanism for the mainframe.

>
 _Sarge: Hel, they are even closer. We need to get the hell out of here. NOW!

>
 Hel: Damn it! _

>
 She begins blasting the Mainframe into pieces, along with the console. The mutants see sparks coming from the shield. It looks as if it's going down and it does. Sarge is exposed and she dodges the incoming blast of their guns.

>
 _Sarge: Shields Up!

>
 Hel: A little too fast for my taste. _

>
 With a Grunt and yell, Sarge and Hel start blasting the mutants.

>
 _Hel: Go for Cleo. I'll hold them back. _

>
 Sarge runs out in the open and blasts as the mutants run after her from the side lines. Sarge flips a 380 in the air and lands onto the console between Cleo and Cleatus.

>
 _Sarge: All right, Fleabag. Time for who wants to live or Die.

>
 Cleatus Fleaman: This is a public place. If you want to Kill me you will have to Kill us all.

>
 Sarge: Is that your final Judgment? It can be arranged. _

>
 Cleatus nods his head yes.

>
 Hel: No wait! Look, everyone is gonna die in here so you better leave now. This game isn't here for fun. You are all here to die. You have been exposed to some kind of nuclear waste and given the time you stay here you will die no matter if you play the game or not. Your Choice. Do want to stay and die with Fleabag here? Or get out while you still can?

>
 Everyone looks around and begins to fight their way out. Cleatus reaches for his laser and Cleo screams her scream at Sarge.

>
 _Cleo: SAARRRGGEE! _

>
 Sarge jumps back off the console and begins shooting Cleatus in the chest.

_Hel looking at Cleo: You all right?

>
 Cleo: Yeah, I'm fine.

>
 Sarge: Better get going

>
 Hel: Let's go.

>
 Cleo: Hey, I wasn't finished with my game yet. You Guys! Hey, wait up._

>
 Tune in next week when we find out what is on the disk from the Mainframe. An what the Resistance has to do with the mutants, in TO BE CAUGHT or NOT TO BE CAUGHT

>

> To be continued... <br.

End
file.